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[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, You walk into the grocery store. You...](#)



Dear *Permission to be Powerful* Reader,

You walk into the grocery store.

You don't need much. Just the basics. Maybe some eggs.

And there they are, staring back at you like they just got a signing bonus from the NBA.

\$13.49.

Jesus Fucking Christ.

For EGGS.

Somebody slap me.

This CAN'T be real.

Not golden eggs.

Not blessed by the pope.

Beyoncé didn't twerk on them.

Just regular-ass EGGS...

Have now become a luxury.

You remember when eggs were \$2.

Hell, even \$4 felt like a stretch.

But now?

Now they cost more than GAS!

More than a pack of smokes.

**More than your dignity can handle
on a Tuesday night.**

You put them back, quietly ashamed.

Like you committed a crime by trying to make breakfast.

You walk out with peanut butter and a sinking feeling in your gut.

That's not inflation.

That's the sobering realization that you're poor.

**That's the middle class dying in
real time.**

The future looks grim.

And nobody's gonna save you.

And the worst part?

**Nobody's talking about it like it's
the red flag it is.**

They say it's "temporary."
They say "supply chains."
They say "macro factors."

Nah. Let me tell you what it *really* is:

It's a slow-motion mugging.

**And the thief is wearing a suit and
working at the Fed.**

Eggs are just the beginning.

They're the first thing to go up.
Because everybody buys them.
And when something *everyone* needs becomes unaffordable?

That's your cue.

That's how headlines start.

Except they won't look like the grainy black-and-white photos from the Great Depression.
They'll look like you scrolling through five delivery apps trying to find a coupon code that works.
They'll look like your kid asking for cereal and you saying, "We'll get some

next week.”

They’ll look like quiet desperation dressed up as “financial mindfulness.”

Meanwhile, in the world of people who fly private:

- Billionaires are buying more real estate than God.
- Hedge fund managers are flipping art like Pokémon cards.
- And the media says we’re being too dramatic.

Let me be clear:

This isn’t drama. This is collapse.

But polite.

And quiet.

And wrapped in buzzwords like “resilience” and “tight labor markets.”

If this keeps going—and it *will*—you won’t just be skipping eggs.

You’ll be skipping dinner.

You’ll be skipping rent.

You’ll be skipping hope.

Because here's the truth:

You are not broke because you made bad choices.

You're broke because the system is designed to make you lose slowly enough that you blame yourself.

The Fall of Main Street

You know who else can't afford eggs?

Your local diner.

The one with the chipped coffee mugs and the old guy named Earl who calls everyone "sweetheart."

Yeah—**they're dying.**

They can't charge you \$18 for a three-egg omelet without losing your business.

But they also can't afford the \$140 bulk egg invoice that showed up last Tuesday.

So what do they do?

They try to hold on.

They stretch.

They beg their landlord for another month.

They max out a business credit card that's already melting.

And then one day you walk by and the windows are covered with brown butcher paper.

"Closed for renovation," the sign says.

But there are no renovations.
There's just *death by receipts*.
One more business eaten alive by inflation and silence.

You don't just lose a breakfast spot.
You lose your neighborhood.
Your community.
Your last goddamn reason to leave the house.

The Disappearing Middle

Here's the deal:
If you used to make \$80K and feel stable... you don't anymore.

Because you're not middle class.

You're middle *squeeze*.
Middle stressed.
Middle of a slow slide into ramen noodles and resentment.

And let me break this next part gently:

This is the plan.

Not a "mistake."
Not a "cycle."
Not something the Fed accidentally left in the microwave too long.

The plan is for you to get used to less.
To think poverty is normal.
To call it "the new normal" while some tech bro sells you a mindfulness app
to meditate through your hunger.

Trump 2.0 – The Demolition Phase

Now imagine this entire house of cards getting hit with a wrecking ball.

Trump wins.
And this time?

He doesn't care about playing nice.
He's not asking permission.
He's coming for vengeance—and the economy is his hostage.

He's already said he'll fire the Fed Chair.
He'll jack up tariffs.
He'll cut taxes again for the ultra-wealthy like it's Black Friday for billionaires.
All while you're checking your EBT balance to see if you can get milk and diapers on the same day.

Tariffs sound good until **your grocery bill explodes.**

Tax cuts sound nice until **your kids' school slashes funding and sends home worksheets printed on the back of pizza flyers.**

And firing the Fed?

That's like taking the keys from your designated driver and giving them to a guy who drinks mouthwash and yells at clouds.

The New Breadlines

Let's be crystal clear:

We are *already* in the breadline.

It just doesn't look like it used to.

- It's people working **three jobs** and still overdrafting.
- It's 35-year-olds **moving back in** with their parents.
- It's moms **watering down formula** and pretending it's fine.
- It's families getting dinner from **GoFundMe links**.

That *is* the headline.

It's digital.

It's quiet.

It's everywhere.

And if you think you're immune?

Wait until your landlord decides to raise rent by \$500 “because the market allows it.”

Wait until your job ghosts you and your side hustle can't cover the difference.

Wait until you realize **the system has no parachute**—and no sympathy.

This Isn't a Forecast. It's a Postmortem.

They'll tell you things are looking up.

Unemployment's low.

The stock market's high.

We're “on the path to recovery.”

But ask yourself:

- Do you feel rich?
- Do you feel stable?
- Do you feel like you're *winning*?

No?

Then stop listening to the damn parrots on CNBC.

Because here's the truth:

**The economy is doing great.
It's just not doing great for you.**

Until next time,

Anton

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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